

and other productions in the highest esteem. In this instance, as well as in many others, the choice of subject has been made in order to display the peculiar skill of the painter, and to exhibit his powers under a form similar to those of the old masters; but in which his practice and his admirers are but too likely to be limited in extent and numbers. A modern pugilist or pugilists might have insured the attention of the fancy; as it is, the British School of Design alone, we fear, will appreciate his services, and consider him as having contributed to its improvement and celebrity.

No. 263.—*View of Snowdon, from Mount Craguen, Carnarvonshire.*—*Copley Fielding.*

We select this from several very clever performances, to express the gratification we always feel at the exalted style with which Mr. Fielding clothes the scenery of his native land.

In effect and execution, the view of Snowdon exhibits the sublime and classic of art, in which the locality of the scene unites with the poetry of the imagination.

No. 262.—*Grave Scene.*—*J. Stark.*

Turning from the sublime to the natural, we are equally touched by the character of truth and simplicity which appears in this well-chosen scene. The observer of nature and the admirer of art will feel all that belongs to the talents of Mr. Stark; as much as could be excited by any eulogium to point out his merit.

No. 258.—*Leas and the Fool.*—*J. Bowden.*

It is difficult even for the experienced eye to judge of pictures placed in certain situations, more especially when elevated and near the light: the lot, however, of this inconspicuous work, notwithstanding their merit, fall to some; and, as if the artist had calculated upon this lottery-chance being his, he has painted up to the tone of his elevation; and, we may add, in a style and character we have seldom seen equalled, either for boldness of pencil, harmony of colour, or strength of expression. This work reminds us of the powers of Carracci, without his blackness; and we think we may (though it is not always safe to anticipate the success of a rising artist) congratulate Mr. Bowden upon his performance, and express our conviction that he will one day find the level he deserved. The place assigned to his *Richard Cœur de Lion*, No. 65, shows what effect might have been expected from the *Lear*, in a similar situation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Now would I that I might cast me in the sea
And perish not—Great Neptune! I would be
Advanced to the freedom of the waves,
And stand before your vast creation's plain,
And roam your watery kingdom thro' and thro',
And see your branching woods and palace blue,
Spur bank and domed with crystal, oh! and view

The babbled wonders of the lonely deep,
And where on coral banks the sea-maid sleeps,

Children of ancient Nerens, and behold
Their streaming dance about their father old
Beneath the blue Aegean, where he sits
Wedded to prophesy, and full of fate:
Or rather as Arion harped, indeed,
Would I go floating on my dolphin-sterd
Over the billows, and, triumphing there,
Call this white Siren from her cave, to share
My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.

I would be free, Oh! thou star element,
That with thy thousand rays art round me bent,
To listen and reply—Immortal air!
Viewless and now unseen, I would be hurled
Almost at will about your kingdom wide,
And mount aloft and mingle in my pride
With the great spirits of your purer world;
And with the music of your winds sublime,
Commune, and see those shadows, for this earth
Too buoyant and exelling shapes, which Time
Has lifted us to a diaphan birth,
Amongst the steadfast stars. Away, away,
For in the fountains bright, whence streams the day,

Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain therein,
And cleanse me of all dull poetic sin.

It may not be. No wings have I to scale
The heights which the great poets pass along:
On earth must I still chaunt an earthly song:
But I may bear, in forests seldom trod,
Love's gentle martyr, the lost nightingale,
Voice her complaints, and when the shadows fall
See the white stag glance swiftly o'er the sod
Affrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.
This is enough for me, and I can see
That female—fair—the world's divinity,
Brighter than Naisid who by rivers cold
Once wept away her life, as poets told,
And fair as those transcendent queens who drank
The rich nectareous juice in heaven above,
Fall in the incomprehensible smile of Jove,
And saw his lightning eyes, and never sank
Away before him. 'Tis enough for me,
That I can look in woman's star-like eyes,
A slave in that love-haunted paradise,
Without a wish ever to wander free.

[By Correspondents.]

ROME.

Oh! how thou art changed, thou proud daughter
of Rome,
Since that hour of ripe glory, when empire was
thine,
When earth's purple rulers, kings, quailed at
thy name,
And thy capitol worshipped as Liberty's shrine.
In the day of thy pride, when thy crest was un-
tamed,
And the red star of conquest was bright on thy
path,
When the meteor of death thy stern falchion's
edge flamed,
And earth trembled when burst the dark storm
of thy wrath.

But Rome thou art fallen! the memory of yore,
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art
now.

The joy of thy triumph for ever is o'er,
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.
Like the wind-shaken reed, thy degenerate ears,
The children of thine once the brave and the free—
Ah, who can the page of thy history trace,
Nor blush, thou lost city, blush deeply for thee!

Could the graves yield their dead, and thy war-
riors arise,
And see thy blood-stained, thy war-battered fort'd,

Would they know the proud eagle that soared
thro' the skies,
Whose glance lightened o'er a terror-struck
world?

Yet e'en in disgrace, in thy sadness and gloom,
An halo of splendour is over thee cast:
It is but the death-light that reddens the tomb,
And calls to remembrance the glories long past.

Editori docti "Literarum Repertorii" Sa-
latem—et has nugas.

(Ad Scriptoris "Rejected Address," non asperè
refert quod acquitur.)

Sunt ad bonum aliquando formidat Homerus,
Vatum qui princeps Hippocrates exhaust
aditum;
Licet, ex Alamo cathedrâ, ai stertat scribentis
Ut Juxta ad lites erantibus aditum delatum—
Certamine Lyra cui habuit Musam colendo,
Vult, Antio detur acquirere viros cadendo!
J. B. S. C.

LINES.

"Dove and I sol cecide I fiori, e Perba,
O dove since tu'll phiercho, e la Nere.

Sard qual ful."

Pietrochi.

Yes thine, still thine—

Thou' nature was and withering,
Her pale around round her gathering,
Dreadfully place:

Free memory,
Thou' rigors bind the earth and air;
And flood and field are bleak and bare—
Aye glows for thee!

Below—above,
Seem every thing inanimate,
And every creature desolate,
Yet still I love.

Shall time or tide
The heart warm stream of love arrest,
And freeze its fountain in the breast,
While life abides?

Who hath not tried
To clasp some cherish'd happiness,
Secure from Fortune's fickleness,
'Till death betide?

Alas—in vain!
Thro' frost and flake—thro' sun and show'r
For ever roams the lightning power
Whose breath is pain.

Yet if the light,
Now quivering from thy dark-lash'd eye,
Shine on my hours of misery,
'Tis deem them bright!

Feb. 21d.

C.

THE VICES.

[These lines (with a few corrections) are written
by a boy not fourteen years of age, at his school
designated by his signature. Ed.]

Once on a time, in solemn state,
The Vices held a grand debate,
To choose a Ruler of their race;
Who of them all was found most base,
The day arrived, and in the Hall
Of Meeting now was silence all—
Antimon started from his seat,
And raised himself upon his feet;
His giant form was seen on high,
Vast, as if meant to invade the sky;

Government; but the natives displayed a violent aversion to it from several causes:—the first proceeded from a hatred to all innovation. Jilly. A rumour arose, that this was a design of the English to affix an indelible mark on certain persons; and that all the males so impressed were, when they grew up, to be forced into the military service, and the females to be concubines. Jilly. The Hindoos had always considered the small-pox as a dispensation from a Goddess named Malry Hinnua; or rather, that the disease was an incarnation of this Deity into the person infected. They endeavoured to propitiate this Goddess with offerings and sacrifices; but should the patient die, the relatives dared not weep, lest the Goddess should overwhelm them with greater calamities.

From these causes Vaccination was at first submitted to only by Christians.

M. Dubois exerted his influence to overcome the prejudices of the natives, and though at first much confusion arose, and some failures occurred in consequence of other practitioners mistaking a spurious disease for the true Vaccine; the opposition gradually declined, in consequence of the complete success which attended the regular Vaccine, and the natives became persuaded that the Goddess Malry had chosen this mild mode of manifesting herself to her votaries, and might be meritoriously worshipped under this new shape.

M. Dubois solemnly declares, that he and his assistants have vaccinated nearly a lac, or one hundred thousand persons; and that he has not heard of one case proving fatal, nor a single well-authenticated instance among this large number, of the Small-Pox recurring after the regular Vaccine.

Calcutta Journal.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, March 11.

On the 1st, the Hon. Martin Eden, and the Rev. Charles Welber, B. A. Students of Christ Church, were admitted Masters of Arts; and Charles George Venables Vernon, Student of Christ Church, was admitted B. A. On Monday last the Rev. Philip Ward, of Trinity College, and George Trevelyan, of Balliol College, were admitted Masters of Arts; and John Clement Waddington, of St. John's College, was admitted B. A. On Thursday Richard Bethell, B. A. Scholar of Wadham College, was unanimously elected Vinerian Scholar in Common Law.

CAMBRIDGE, March 10.

William Blackstone Remel, Esq. B. A. Fellow of King's College, is elected into one of the Travelling Fellowships founded by the late William Worts, Esq.

CRANFORD'S MEDALLISTS.—The gold medals given annually by the Chancellor of this university, to two commencing Bachelors of Arts, who acquit themselves best in classical learning, were adjudged to Messrs. Horatio Waddington and Thomas Pell Platt.

Sir William Browne's Medals.—The sub-

jects for the present year are, FOR THE MARKS ONE: *Nepositis.*

FOR THE LATIN ODE: *Ad Georgium Quartum, Augustissimum Principem, Scripta Paterna accipientem.*

FOR THE GREEK EPIGRAM: *Inscriptio, In Pnam Aquæ ex imis visceribus Terre Arte educatæ.*

FOR THE LATIN EPIGRAM: *In præsenti disquisitæ.*

On Monday evening the members of the Cambridge Philosophical Society held their second general meeting for the present year, in the great lecture room of the Physical School in the Botanic Garden; when the President finished the reading of his paper on Isometrical Perspective: a communication was then read by the Secretary, from the Rev. J. Hallstone, respecting a universalized organic body, found in the cliffs near Scarborough; a paper, by Mr. Herschell, jun. was afterwards read, on the reduction of certain classes of functional equations to equations of finite differences; also a paper by Mr. J. Oker, upon the fossil remains of the beaver found in the peat earth near the bed of the old West Water at Chatteris.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(By Correspondents.)

THE MICHAELMAS HAWK.

Last smile of the departing year,
Thy sister swots are flown;
Thy pensive youth is far more dear,
From blooming thus alone.
Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoted might have past;
But now thou comest with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.
Sweet are the charms to thee we find,
Emblems of hope's gay wing;
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
To promise future spring.

L.

DURT.

1.
O, Mary! are your eyelids shut,
Or are you of love dreaming yet?
2.
No, I awake when day-light broke,
The vision bright at thought I set.
3.
Why did you wake? Why did you break
The charm which is so sweet to see?
4.
O! I awoke: the spell broke
To think on love's reality.

ANTI.

Sweet is love's blavie dream,
But sweeter still his waking theme;
Sweet are the visions bright which rise
Before young lovers' sleeping eyes;
But sweeter still the magic power
Which glads them in their waking hour.

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West, Esq. the President of the Royal Academy, died at his house in New-man-street, on the night of Friday the 10th instant, at the advanced age of 82. He had

been for a long time in declining health, and finally dropped easily in the ripeness of years. The grave must be closed over him for a space, before his character as a painter and a man can be impartially and fully discussed; but it may even now be said, that few beings have ever died leaving so little doubt upon their memories, either in regard to the estimable qualities of social life, or to the employment of the gifts of nature, as this venerable individual. He was assuredly a character free from offence in those actions which serve to distinguish worth from vice; and the marked preponderance of good in his disposition, far more than counterbalanced the frailties of humanity, of which he common with his fellow-creatures, he participated. As an artist, his eminence is unquestioned; and though perhaps there may be a difference of opinion upon the degree of his rank, there can be none as to its being highly elevated, and to his professional pursuits being, without one exception, of the noblest kind.

Mr. West, the tenth child of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born near Springfield, County Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of November, 1738. His family were quakers; but on the paternal side, whether truly or not is of no consequence, claimed noble descent from Lord Delaware, of the era of Edward III. It was in 1667 that his ancestors changed their religious persuasion, and in 1669 that they emigrated to America. Mr. Galt, who has published an account of the youth of Mr. West, states, that his appearance in this busy world was accelerated by the powerful effect produced on his mother by one of the inspired preachers of the sect to which she belonged; and very oddly infers from this untoward circumstance, that the child was born for great future destiny! So absurd a proposition throws much suspicion over the other facts detailed in the work, and we repeat them without touching for their perfect credibility. It is said that not only without previous practice, but without having ever seen a picture or engraving, Benjamin, in his seventh year, drew the likeness of a sleeping infant, so accurately as to be readily recognizable. Encouraged by this wonderful commencement, he resolutely followed the bent of his genius, and at school continued to make drawings with pen and ink, till some Indians, who visited Springfield, taught him the use of the red and yellow, with which they painted their ornaments; and his mother adding indigo, he ventured on a wider field with his three prismatic colours. There being no camel-hair pencils in Pennsylvania, the young artist made for himself, and substituted an imitation from the fur of his father's favourite black cat, whose tail and back witnessed to his depredations.

When about eight years old, a friend at Philadelphia made him a present of a box of colours, and some engravings; from two of the latter he composed a piece, and, such is the partiality of our age for the exploits of our youth, the President of the Royal Academy is reported by his biographer to have declared sixty-seven years after, that "there

Oliver was well qualified. He had been a grief to his widowed mother, a nuisance to his relations, and a scourge to his pot companions; the first to begin a brawl, and the last to turn his back, or cry, "hold, enough." No respectee of persons, whilst a boy he had given his prince a bloody nose*; and, when a man, the "Royaler," he would get drunk with sturdy tinkers, and break heads with his quarter-staff. His exploits were not harmless among the gentler sex. When having proved

That "saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's expert;
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice.

Cromwell, when elected chief of the puritans, soon commenced the tragedy of Charles the First. The king had too much of the noble dignity of the knight, to descend to "calling of names;" yet he owed no small share of his evil fortune to the prevalence of this folly among the cavaliers.

Christian charity was not extinguished in the bosoms of the saints alone; the malicious and illiberal rage for reviling, disgraced even the dignitaries of the church, who, blinded by the fury of zeal, would not allow a solitary virtue to the roundheads. Indeed, all the Christian and the cardinal virtues were scared from the field, and vengeance blew the fire of civil war.

Archbishop Williams, a pernicious adviser of his sovereign, speaking of Cromwell to his royal master, says, "Every beast has some evil properties; but Cromwell has the properties of all evil beasts."

Dr. South thus described Cromwell, in a sermon preached at his church: the Protector was then gone to the grave. Such invectives were commonly delivered from the pulpit. "Who that have beheld," said the Doctor, "such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the parliament-house, with a thread-bare tawny cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected, that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and banishment of another, ascend the throne, be seated in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?"

The Usurper is thus caricatured by a contemporary:—"But Cromwell wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face was naturally buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail: you would think he had been christened in a lime pit, tanned alive, and his countenance still remains mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot; certainly it is no human visage, but the emblem of a madrake—one scarce comely enough for the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped

* This we believe wants confirmation. En.

him when she was a bitch. His soul, too, is as ugly as his body, for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad? Yet this basilisk would king it; and a brewer's horse must be a lion."

That he had good sense enough not to quarrel with Nature for the person she had ordained to him, is evident in the conversation he held with Lely, when he sat to that admired painter for his portrait.—"I desire, Mr. Lely," said the Protector, "that you copy minutely those warts and excrescences which you perceive on my face; for if you do not produce a faithful resemblance, I would not give you a farthing for your work." He certainly did not bestow the honor of knighthood upon the painter for his flattery—for Lely has left us, in his fine portraits of Cromwell, sufficient proofs of the identity of his skill, not forgetting the red nose of his illustrious prototype. The pen of the wit seemed to derive fire from his blazing nose. This prominent feature was the increasing subject for satire.

"Oliver, Oliver, take up thy crown,
For now thou hast made three kingdoms thy own;
Call thee a conqueror of thy own creation,
To ride on to ruin who dare thee oppose,
While we, thy good people, are at thy devotion,
To fall down and worship thy terrible nose."
Vide *Perron* on his expected Coronation.

In the same spirit one writes, "This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a fiery eagle, whether he be lawfully begotten." Another says, "Cromwell's nose is the dominical letter;" and again, "His nose looked as prodigiously upon you as a fiery comet." Notwithstanding these rilleries, and the picturesque colouring of his nose, there is so commanding a character in the visage of the Protector, that even in the diminutive portrait by Cooper, now exhibiting in the British Gallery, one perceives traits that mark him above the expression of ordinary men.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DAY-DREAM.

She must be fair whom I could love,
But more in mind than form;
She must be pure, whom I could love,
And yet her heart be warm.

She must be pious, soft, and kind,
A sufferer with the sad;
I could not love a maiden's mind,
For ever idly glad.

She may be wild, she must be gay,
In hours of youthful glee,
When calmer thought gives welcome way
To mirth and melody;

And she must nurse, with loftier zeal,
That pure and deep delight,
Which warms and softens all, who feel
For Nature's works aright.

She may have foibles—nay, she must;
From such what maid is free?
Perfection, ill-combined with dust,
Were sure no mate for me.

Yet must she nurse no bitterness,
Nor aught imagine meanly;
But ere through venal food excess
Of feelings edged too keenly.

Such foibles, like the dewy sleep
That shuts the flowers at night,
With renovating shade will keep
Her bloom of feeling bright.

The form of such a maid would blend
With every thought of mine;
Each wish would own her for its end,
Each hope on her recline.

To me she would be such, as spring
To wintry field or wood;
A glowing influence, prompt to bring
Luxuriance of good.

IGNOTO SICONIMI.

[By Correspondents.]

FRAGMENT.

Is not this grove
A scene of pensive loveliness—the gleam
Of Dian's gentle ray falls on the trees,
And glancing thro' the gloom, seems like the smile

That pity gives to cheer the brow of grief:
The turf has caught a silvery hoar of light
Broken by shadows, where'er the branching oak
Rears its dark shade, or where the aspen waves
Its trembling leaves. The breeze is murmuring

by,
Fraught with sweet sighs of flowers and the song
Of sorrow, that the nightingale pours forth,
Like the soft dirge of love.

There is oft told
A melancholy record of this grove—
It was time once the haunt of young affection—
And now seems hallowed by the tender vows
That erst were breathed here.

Sad is the tale
That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;
But love is like the rose, so manyills
Assail it in the bud—the cankering blast,
The frost of winter and the summer storm,
All bow it down; rarely the blossom comes
To full maturity; but there is nought
Sinks with an chilly breath as faithlessness,—
As she could tell whose loveless yet live
In village legends. Often, at this hour
Of lonely beauty, would she list the tale
Of tenderness, and hearken to the vows
Of one more dear than life unto her soul:
He twined him round a heart which beat with all
The deep devotedness of early love—
Then left her, careless of the passion which
He had awakened into wretchedness:
The blight which withered all the blossoms love
Had fondly cherish'd, wither'd to the heart
Which gave them birth. Her sorrow had no
voice,

Save in her faded beauty: for she looked
A melancholy, broken-hearted girl.
She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that which
ere

Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with roseate hue
Had faded into paleness, broken by
Bright burning blushes, torches of the tomb.
There was such sadness, even in her smiles,
And such a look of utter hopelessness
Dwelt in her soft blue eye—a form so frail,
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth—
'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,
And see it traced with such a tale of woe—
To think that one so young and beautiful
Was wasting to the grave.

Within yon bowry,
Of honey suckle and the snowy wealth
The mountain ash puts forth its welcome spring.
Her form was found reclined upon a bank,
Where nature's sweet unmurder'd children bloom.
One white arm lay beneath her drooping head,
While her bright tresses twined their sunny
wreath

Around the polish'd ivory; there was not
A tinge of colour mantling o'er her lovely face;
'Twas like to marble, where the sculptor's skill
Has traced each charm of beauty but the blush.
Serenity as sweet sat on her brow;
So soft a smile yet horror'd on her lips.
At first they thought 'twas sleep—and sleep it
was—

The cold long rest of death.

L.

On a Lady with a hooked Nose singing.

What in Clorinda's mouth can be,
Who sings like merry Linnet?
'Tis something queer—for you may see
Her nose keeps peeping in it.

A. M. A.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALI PASHA.

Though there is a very ample biography of Ali Pasha in the *Literary Gazette* for 1817, (pages 296, 314, 327,) yet, at the present moment, when so much interest is excited by the war between him and the Porte, the following brief notice may be acceptable to our later subscribers. Ali Pasha of Jönina, who is now about sixty years of age, has invariably maintained a threatening attitude towards his neighbours, and has ever been dreaded by the Porte. He is by birth an *Arnavut*, and has numbers of his countrymen in his service, who are not deficient either in talent or education. From his earliest youth he evinced a strong taste for politics, and his secretaries daily translate to him the most striking articles from the English, French, Italian, and German Journals; he has likewise read the works of all the publicists of Europe.

His dominions are very extensive, comprehending ancient Epirus, Acarnania, Thessaly, several districts of Attolia, and Macedonia, as well as the passes of the Pinde. His army is well disciplined after the European manner, and amounts to about 30,000 men.

His treasures are variously estimated; it is impossible to state their exact amount; but it is well known, that his coffers contain such vast sums of money, that he may be enabled to carry on war successfully for a long period.

Jönina, the capital of his dominions, is a regularly built city, containing about 40,000 inhabitants, among whom are a great number of Greeks. It is accounted the most ancient city in Greece, and is the centre of almost all the trade of the Levant. Its principal mercantile houses trade with every part of Europe, and have agents at Vienna, Venice, Constantinople, &c.

It has been remarked, that Ali Pasha greatly resembles the ancient chiefs of the

* See *Literary Gazette*, No 185.

Huns, Bulgarians, and Vandals. Like them, he is at once ferocious and magnanimous. He conceives great projects, and sometimes loves all self-control, even in the most trivial circumstances; he is ambitious, yet he has no fixed and invariable object in his ambition; his subjects obey him, though he has not the art of winning their affections; he does not reign by proclamations and promises, but by the sabre and the bow-string.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

AN EPILOGUE TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

When General Lasalle entered Toledo, he immediately visited the Palace of the Inquisition. The great number of the instruments of torture, especially the instrument to stretch the limbs, the deep baths (already known) which cause a lingering death, excited horror even in the minds of the soldiers hardened in the field of battle. Only one of these instruments, singular in its kind, for refined torture, disgraceful to reason and religion in the choice of its object, seems to deserve a particular description. In a subterraneous vault adjoining the Secret Audience Chamber, stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue made by the hands of Monks, representing—who would believe it?—the Virgin Mary. A gilded Glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. It immediately struck the spectator, notwithstanding the ample folds of the silk garment which fell from the shoulders on both sides, that she wore a breast plate. Upon a closer examination it appeared that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails, and small blades of knives with the points projecting outwards. The arms and hands had joints, and their motions were directed by machinery placed behind the partition. One of the servants of the Inquisition, who was present, was ordered by the General to make the machine *manœuvre*, as he expressed himself. As the statue extended its arms and gradually drew them back, as if she would affectionately press somebody to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied for this time the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer, and when at the command of the General, the director of the machinery made it open its arms and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging upon the nails and knife-blades. It is remarkable, that the barbarians had the wickedness to call this instrument of torture *Madre Dolorosa*,—not the deeply afflicted, pain-enduring; but, by a play on words, the pain-giving—Mother of God.

THE DRAMA.

* *English Opera House.*—*Patent Season*, a drama of mixed reproach and satire upon the management of Drury Lane, for the unreasonable opening of that theatre, under the plea of giving Mr. Keen an opportunity of exhibiting his characters previous to em-

barking for America, has been successfully got up at this summer house. It possesses fully as much point and humour as could be expected from a production so hastily elicited; and indeed, its merits are such as to prove, that when men write in earnest with their subject, they always write best. After a tolerably fair address (spoken by Miss Kelly, as Thalia), which ridicules the large dramatic temples, Harley appears, as Manager Drill, from the Manager's last Kick, and, with humorous pathos, laments the "downfall of his house," in consequence of the winter of the winter theatres lasting, not only all summer, but all the year. Various performers come in, and he describes to them their forlorn situation; and pun and parody amuse the audience. Miss Carew, as Polly from the Beggar's Opera, introduces very naturally a dinge upon the beggared Opera House. Wilkinson, a dry comedian, as the blue coat boy, Geoffrey Muscicap, relates his misfortune as a country player of *light comedy*, G. C. carrying the torches, and blinding the candles) which led him to his present climax of misfortune in the Strand, where the treasury cannot pay him his shilling a week; and he steals off to pilfer the O. P. leg of the fowl which Miss Carew left from No Song No Supper last night. And a chorus of thieves chaunt a parody with the manager, beginning,

Hark, I hear no sound of coaches;
The devil of a one approaches.

Exhausted by these exertions, Drill falls asleep, and a vision opens to him of Sir Joshua's fine picture of Garrick between the Tragic and Comic Muse. The figures are real, viz. Wrench as Garrick, Melpomene, Miss Love, and Thalia, Miss Kelly, who leaves her *canons* to make her *election* of this theatre. Garrick also descends from his frame, awakes the manager, and a very clever and fitting dialogue ensues. Garrick, to whose portrait Wrench does infinite credit, advises Drill how to act, and in this way lashes the manager of Drury most mercilessly. Drill, looking at Wrench as Garrick, observes that he is taller than the original, and clearly alluding to Keen, says, "he thought your tragic heroes were *short chops*;" to which Garrick answers, "that they like to *run as long as they can*. He then imitates Mr. Elliston's address to the audience, to procure occasion to deliver which is ascribed to a check-taker sent to the gallery with instructions to be noisy; he tells Drill to print his bills with one great actor's name in great letters, and the rest like Hamlet's picture, "in little," to show the public how little there is worth seeing; he counsels managerial puffs in the same bills denouncing puffing; and if deep, (Drill, by parenthesis, asks, "Deep in debt?") to accuse the minor theatres of cunning; if poor, to visit them with poverty; and above all, to invite the tradesmen to send in their bills before they are due, in order that they may be examined and (pail says Drill?) put by. After a good deal of this, cleverly done, the serious mixed with jokes, there is a grand procession in which the leading actors of

tomb was erected at the expense of Carlo Maratta, I thought you might have made some confusion, misconceiving the remains of Carlo Maratta to have been buried in the Pantheon, when Raphael's alone were interred there.

I certainly censure the removal of the busts of those distinguished characters, particularly since the immortal Raphael was deposited there; for it is sacrilege itself to separate his bust from his deposit: and no place can be better adapted for such a purpose than the Pantheon. It is an acknowledged fact, that every artist who studied at Rome is ambitious of having his bust placed in that superb temple. Canova is full with the happiness he is sure to enjoy in that respect.

What a pity, that England should be deficient in such public institutions, where emulation is excited, and merit handed down to posterity! Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me your constant reader.

W. V.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET.

To Ismael Fitzadam, the Sailor-Poet, author of the "Harp of the Desert," &c.

Bard of the inclement and infertile deep!
Whose lone harp, cradled on the rushing wave,
Was strung to the loud storm and battle brave,
Sounding irregular, as the surges sweep,
Its native sea-notes to the shock, or sleep
Of conscious waters—all unharmed, too, save
By some charm'd ocean-symph, from pearly cave,
Hearkening to wonder! Bard, foredoom'd to weep!

Thy very name, proscribed and desolate man:
Beats ominous imperas of thy destiny.—
Like the first sunset, an unnatural hue
Has to the desert driven thy move and thee;
But vain, alas! thy supplicating cry,
Worse than the Hebrew, thou art left to die!

ANNA MATILDA.

VAUCLUSE.

Tall rocks begirt the lovely valley round,
Like barriers guarding its sweet loveliness;
Clouds rested on their summits, and their sides
Darken'd with aged woods, where ivy twined
And green moss grew unconscious of the sun;
Rushing in fury from a gloomy cave,
Black like the dwelling place of Death and Night,
An angry river came; at first it traced
Its course in wrath, and the dark cavern rang
With echoes to its hoarse and sullen roar;
But when it reach'd the peaceful valley, then,
Like woman's smile soothing wild rage away,
The sunlight fell upon its troubled waves—
It made the waters, like a curbed steed,
Chafed and foamed angrily, but softly flow'd,
A bright unbroken mirror, for the bliss
Of the fair children of its fragrant banks,
And close beside arose the tree whose form
Had once been beauty's refuge—sacred shade!
Which even the lightning dare not violate,
The hero's trophy and the bard's reward—
The faded laurel.—

Vaucluse! thou hast a melancholy charm,
A sweet remembrance of departed time,
When love awakes the lyre from its long sleep,
Unbound the golden whips of poetry,
And in thy groves the graceful Pegasus sought
A shelter where his soul might wander free,
Dwelling on tender thoughts and ideal dreams,
All that the bard can feel in solitude.
Thy name is in his songs, and it will be
Remembered, when thy woods shall wave no more.

The bee, when varying flowers are nigh,
On many a sweet will careless dwell;
Just sips their dew, and then will fly
Again to its own fragrant cell:—
Thus tho' my heart, by fancy led,
A wanderer for a while may be,
Yet soon returning whence it fled,
It comes more fondly back to thee.

L.

"Yesterday the Lord Bishop of Lincoln (late Bishop of this see) preached his farewell sermon at our Cathedral, from Corinth, x. last verse.—'Be ye steadfast, immovable,' &c.—*Exeter Paper, Oct. 1, 1820.*"

EPICRAM.

Not what I do, but what I say,
My brethren should be noted,
"Be ye immoveable," I pray,
While I move off promoted.

But good, my Lord, this version looks
Like novel variation:
Nay, nay, my friends, shut up your books,
Mine is the true *Translation*.

JUVENILE.

BEST OF COURTESY.—Oct. 11, 1820.

"How will your friends at court," quoth Hal to Bob,
Chuckling at ministers' supposed perils;
"How will your friends get through this dirty job?"
"I think," quoth Bob, for that they'll find
for you."

DOT-AND-OO-ONE.

Thaddeus Körner's Prayer during the Battle, composed about an hour before his death; and beautifully set to music by Himmel.

(Translated by a Portuguese.)

Father, to Thee I pray!
Direful surrounds me the roaring of battle;
Awaiting the destruction of raging metal;
Thine power of fate, I pray to thee,
Father, thou guide me!

Father, thou guide me!
Guide me to victory or to my tomb;
Lord! from thy hands I accept my doom!
God, as thou wilt, so conduct me,
God, still I praise thee!

God, still I praise thee!
As well in the rustling of leaves that are falling,
As in the surrounding thunder appalling.
Thou fountain of bliss, I see thee!
Father, thou bless me!

Father, thou bless me!
In thine own hands I now lay my fate,
Thou may'st now take it—thou gave'st it of late.
For living, for dying, Oh! bless me,
Father, I praise thee!

Father, I praise thee!
We do not contend for ambition, oh Lord!

What's sacred to all, we defend with our swords.
Thus victorious, or dying I praise thee,
God, to thee I commend me!

God to thee I can commend me!
When pale death now soon shall sit on my brow;
When my opened veins for my country shall flow,
To thee, oh God! Obedience I vow,
Father, thou bless me now!

On seeing the statues of Hercules and Ulysses over the entrance of a Quaker's house.

The empiric has stuck Health and Strength o'er
his door;
Ah, in semblance, he'd say, "Come, and sicken
no more!"
But in sooth, 'twould be construed much more
to my mind,
"If you once enter here, you must leave these
behind!"

A Lame Reason.

A brawny curter pass'd me on a beast
That seem'd to promise dogs an early feast;
I saw with pity the poor tottering jade
Thump'd into motion all but retrograde;
And wonder'ing how a limping foal could back
Could stir with so much "dead weight" on his
back,
I spoke my doubts of "whether woe's a security,
He answer'd straight with all his tribe-like
purity,
And hid his my anxiety abandon—
"The brute must go,—he ha'n't a leg to stand
on."

SONNET.

"*Pia bene glia grand' e' feci'l mal corano,
Che del futuro mi spaurisco i relano.*"

Whilst on the couch of pain and sorrow laid,
Mourning the past, that ne'er can be recall'd,
I cast my eyes toward the opening shade
Of future years—and start, at once, appall'd.
There shadows direful, and dim shapes appear
Emerging slowly from the spectral gloom;
Disease, and pale remorse, love, hate, and fear,
Are seen to drag their victims to the tomb.

The blighted buds of youth that promise'd fair,
Scath'd by the light'ning and the blasts of life,
Bright hopes and fond desires lie scatter'd there,
The mock and scorn of all these forms of strife.

Thus, in the soul's dark twilight, I behold
That deadly vale, by many a dream foretold.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX.

The birth of this important child has given great animation to France. As is usual in that country, charities, illuminations, drama, poems, medals, compositions, and offerings of every kind, celebrate or commemorate the event. As a partial sketch from this picture of national manners, we annex a specimen of some of the poetical effusions. The three following allude to the firing of 24 cannons, which was the appointed signal for the birth of a boy.

Proclamez, aîné bruyant, les transports de la France.
Un beau lie, en tombant, sous l'aisselle un bouton;